

SCOTT HAMPTON'S "THE UPTURNED STONE"

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C O N T E N T S

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by Claret and Louis Rtilj

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by Oscar Chichoni



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THE CROW J.O'BARR

A 16-year-old artist offered up his unstarred little portfolio of illustrations to Undergroundcomix legend Vaughn Bodé. The elder's withering praise helped the Elmer youth choose a new direction for his life. Despite the lure of comics, J.O'Barr did not leave them behind. He did, however, manage to keep himself on their side. O'Barr, like French author Georges Bernanos and poet Jeanen Artaud for major influences, did both styles are in play throughout *The Crow*, too.

The Crow is filled with pain and romance, as well as an enormous body count. In the real world, in the making, this cult comic is a work of the artist's own personal trauma. The story is set in the seedier end of O'Barr's hometown, Detroit. A young man witnesses the brutal murder of his young, innocent lover before his eyes. Made up in harlequin fashion, the hero is out to avenge a love so brutally taken when his own death will not be his.



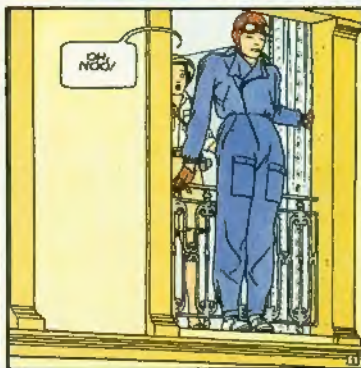


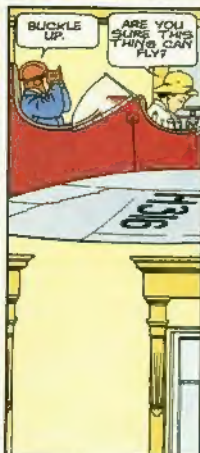
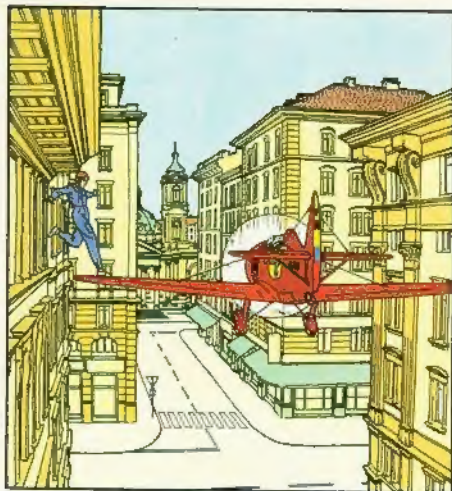


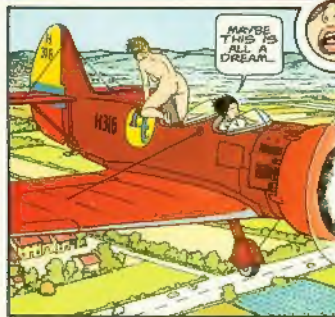


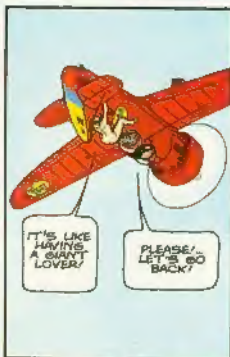
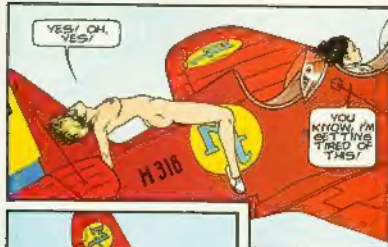
FAREWELL

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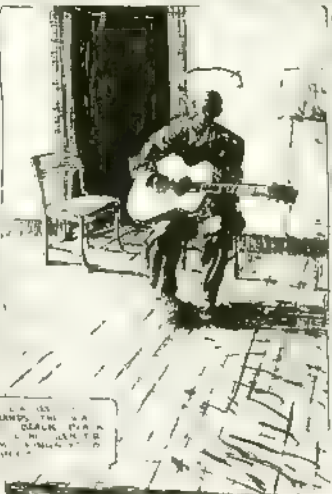
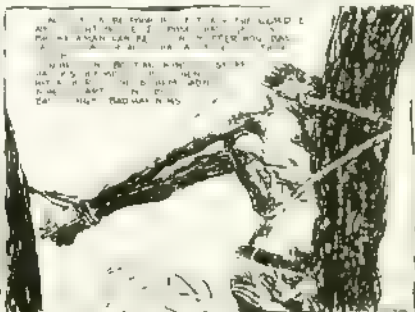








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THE TURNED STONE

IT WAS HALLOWEEN EVE 1989 AND THE FOUR OF US WERE STANDING TOGETHER IN OLD OAK CEMETERY LOOKING DOWN AT THE WORLD'S BIGGEST PUMPKIN. GEORGE HAD SAID "IT WAS HUGE "BIG AS GODZILLA." BUT MARK AND I HAD LEARNED TO BE SKEPTICAL. GEORGE WAS THE LYNXEST KID IN SCHOOL AND YOU NEVER TOOK HIM AT FACE VALUE.

FAR OUT

and Art by Scott Hampton
Lettering by Tracy Hampton-Minnis

BUT, THIS TIME HE WAS RIGHT. THE THING WAS THE SIZE OF A WASHING MACHINE.

MY MOM HAD GIVEN ME TWO DOLLARS THAT MORNING. A SMALL FORTUNE TO A TEN-YEAR-OLD KID AS I WAS GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL.

I WANT YOU TO BUY A PUMPKIN AT KUERNER'S ON YOUR WAY HOME. THE BIG ONE NEXT TO THE CANTALOUPE.

YOU KNOW THE ONE I MEAN.

SURE

ACTUALLY, I DIDN'T KNOW WHEN I MADE MY WEEKLY TRIP TO KUERNER'S GROCERY I WAS BLIND TO ANYTHING BUT THE COMICS. BUT I WASN'T RETARDED.

EXPECT CHANGE

LATER IN SCIENCE CLASS, GEORGE WAS INDESPULOUS.

"H.O. BLACKS FOR A LOUSY PUMPKIN. YOU GOTTA BE A LITTLE NERD."

KEEP DOWN

NO WAY MAN. I CAN'T BRING HOME SOME SCRAWNY LITTLE PIECE OF CRUD FROM YOUR NEIGHBOR'S GARDEN. MOM KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS AND SHE WANTS IT BIG.

KNOW WHERE YOU CAN GET THE BIGGEST PUMPKIN IN TOWN FOR FREE.

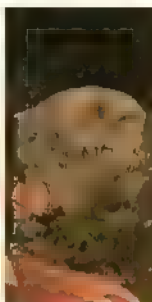
PETE MAKES THIS THING IS YUGE. IT'S BIG AS GODDAMN.

SURE SURE

THE END. WE AGREED TO TAKE A LOOK. WE STOPPED AT GEORGE'S HOUSE TO PICK UP A WACHT AND A WHEELBARROW. GEORGE'S COUSIN DAVE HAD JUST BEEN DROPPED OFF TO SPEND HALLOWEEN. ABBEND THERE SO HE CAME ALONG.

WE TOOK THE SHORT ROUTE THROUGH BREMER'S WOODS MAKING SURE WE STAYED WELL AWAY FROM THE HOUSE. A LAME OLD MAN BREMER WAS SLEEPING AROUND AND ARRIVED AT HIS GRAVEYARD JUST BEFORE SUNSET.

WHAT?
TELL ME



WE ALL KNEW THE STORY BY HEART IN A SLEEPY LITTLE HAMLET LIKE CHURCHILL, NORTH CAROLINA KILLINGS TEND TO BE NOTICED. UNSOLVED KILLINGS, ESPECIALLY

THEY ENTER A SMALL TOWN'S COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS AND LINGER AS FOLK LOSE LONG AFTER THE CASE IS CLOSED AND THE COPS HAVE GONE BACK TO SCRATCHING THEIR BUTTS AND TROLLING FOR PARKING VIOLATORS



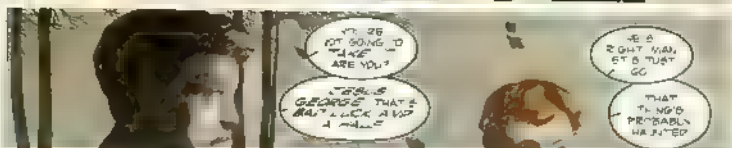
" WAS ABOUT TEN YEARS BEFORE JOE
A. PER THE TOWN'S ONLY AIR CONDI-
TIONER REPAIRSMAN, HAD TAKEN A SLOW
DAY OFF TO GO OUT TO THE WOODS AND
GET IN SOME TARGET PRACTICE BEFORE
HE GOT JAL. A 225M49 9 SHOT OFF

HE WAS WALKING AROUND GETTING UP
SOME BULLSEYES WHEN HIS BOOT BANK
W/00SE BARK. JOE KNEW SOME-
THING WAS UP. T WAS JANUARY AND
THE GROUND IN THOSE WOODS WAS
GRAN. S HARD HE BEGAN TO DIG AND
BEFORE LONG, UNCOVERED THE CORPSE
OF A TEENAGER

IT WAS IN A TERRIBLE STATE - COVERED
WITH CIGARETTE BURNS AND LACERA-
TIONS AND THE HEAD HAD BEEN CUT OFF

HE COPS AND THE FBI COULDN'T
IDENTIFY THE BOY AND AFTER
ABOUT A MONTH HE WAS BURIED
IN OLD OAK W/00T CEREMONY

THEY USED TO SAY THOSE WOODS
WERE HAUNTED THAT THE BOY COULD
BE SEEN THERE ON A COLD WINTER
NIGHT IN DEER SEASON WHEN THE
AIR SMELLED LIKE BLOOD



BETWEEN US, WE WERE ABLE TO
GET THE THING BACK TO MY
HOUSE BEFORE "HE LIGHT" DIED

I LEFT THE PUMPKIN WITH MOM
AND DAD AND CHANGED INTO THE
HALLOWEEN COSTUME MY SISTER
CLARE HAD MADE ME

DA... A... HE... HE... THE... H... DA...



I TOOK OFF JUST AS THEY WERE LIGHTING THE JACK-O-
ANTHONY DAD HAD CARVED A TRULY CREEPY FACE, BUT I
WASN'T REALLY MENACING MORE SCARED, SOMEHOW



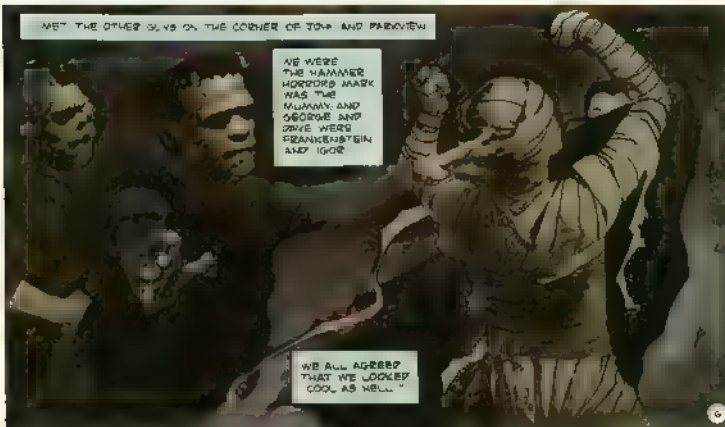
HE TOLD ME
IT WASN'T
INTENTIONAL
JUST CAME
OUT THAT
WAY



MET THE OTHER GUY'S ON THE CORNER OF TOM AND PARKVIEW

WE WERE
THE HAMMER
HORDED MASK
WAS THE
MUMMAY AND
GEORGE AND
DRE WERE
FRANKENSTEIN
AND IGOR

WE ALL AGREED
THAT WE LOOKED
COOL AS HELL



THIS WAS TO BE OUR LAST HALLOWEEN. WE KNEW IT. WE WERE GETTING OLDER AND TERRA OR TERRATING IS FOR KIDS.

ON WE GO! BUT SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY THE ONES MADE SURE THE WAY I GOT LOST IN THE WOODS BUT I WASN'T ALONE ANYMORE.

NO MORE RISING ONCE A YEAR FROM THE PAAP AND ROT TO BLOW THE NIGHT PARTING AMONG SHADOWS TO AVOID THE PURIFYING RAYS OF THE STREET LAMP

WE WERE GROWING UP.

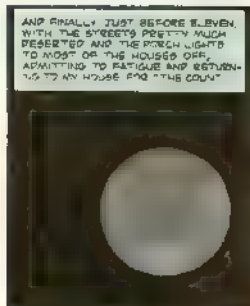
MORE TO THE POINT WE WERE EXPECTED TO GROW UP

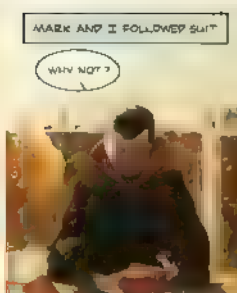
BUT THAT NIGHT OUR LAST NIGHT WE WAVED AND I REMEMBER IT NOW AS A WHIRLWIND OF ENERGY AND BLURRED IMAGES

THE OTHER GUYS RUNNING AHEAD THE SOLES OF THEIR PE FLIPPERS PUMPING LIKE PISTONS

STOPPING OUTSIDE OLD MAN BREMER'S GATE PAGING EACH OTHER TO GO UP AND KNOCK ON HIS DOOR

TAKING MR WALDEON'S HAUNTED HOUSE TOUR AND HAVING THE CRAP SCARED OUT OF US







CURSE OF THE
DEMON WAS
PROBABLY THE
SCARIEST MOVIE
I EVER SAW

THE END OF THE OPENING
SEQUENCE WHERE
PROFESSOR HAZZINGTON
STEPS OUT OF HIS CAR
AND GETS MAULED BY
THE FIRE DEMON WOULD
GIVE ANY IMPRESSION-
ABLE KID NIGHTMARES

AND THEY DIDN'T COME MORE
IMPRESSIONABLE THAN ME

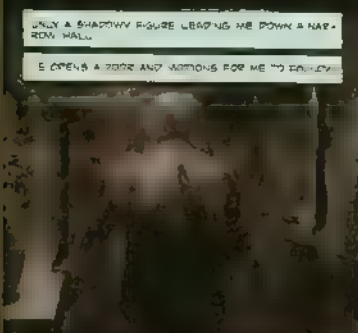
STILL, NEITHER DANN ANDREWS

NOR THE GUY WHO JUMPED FROM THE FOURTH STORY WINDOW

NOR THE DEMON ITSELF WAS THERE TO SCARE ME AS MUCH AS THE DEMON THAT WAS TO COME DOWN THE
LIFE FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS.

ONLY A SHADY FIGURE LEADING ME DOWN A NAR-
ROW HALL

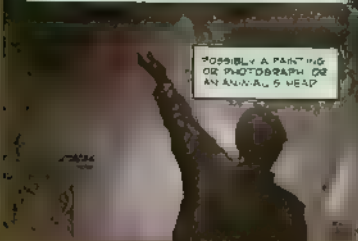
HE OPENS A DOOR AND MOTIONS FOR ME TO FOLLOW



AFTER A DARK MUST-
PARLORE THE WALLPAPER
SWEATS WITH DAMP AND
WHITE SPORES SPACKLE
THE FURNITURE AND
WALLS OF THE

HE LIGHTS SOME CANDLES THEN POINTS TO SOME
THING IN THE DARK ABOVE THE PREPLACED MANTLE
CANNOT MAKE IT OUT

HE GESTURES TO HIS BOOKCASES ALL THE WHILE HE
SEEMS TO BE TALKING. BUT I CAN'T MAKE OUT THE
WORDS



POSSIBLY A PAINTING
OR PHOTOGRAPH OF
AN ANIMAL'S HEAD

HE POURS SOMETHING INTO A GLASS AND OFFERS IT
TO ME I DRINK IT



THEN HE LEADS ME DOWN ANOTHER CORRIDOR AND
INTO ANOTHER ROOM



A BEDROOM WITH A THOUSAND CANDLES AND AN OLD
OIL-POSTER BED



HEAR A CLICKING SOUND AND THEN AS HE RETRIEVES
THE KEY FROM THE LOCK AND DEPOSITS IT IN HIS
"COAT POCKET"



NEW FOR THE FIRST TIME I GAZE FULLY AT
HIM HE'S MURDERING TO HIMSELF AS HE COMES
CLOSER HIS BLACK WET TEETH GLINTING FROM
THEIR AN SHADOW



HAT A WERE ALWAYS ENDS "HEX IN A WARE"



AS IT ROLL OUT, THE PERMANENTLY
HUNG LEFT ON ME. I WAS ONLY A KID AND
SUBTLETY WAS NOT PART OF MY VOCABULARY.

IN A PERMANENTLY
HUNG LEFT ON ME. I WAS ONLY A KID AND
SUBTLETY WAS NOT PART OF MY VOCABULARY.

IT ESCAPED OVER
THE NEXT COUPLE OF
WEEKS, BUT IF I HAD
I WAS ANYTHING MORE
THAN JUST SLAP TO
BE OUT OF IT AGAIN.
EACH MORNING, I'D BE
ON ROTATING THE CASE.

IT WAS FRIDAY, THE SECOND WEEK AFTER HALLERSON, AND
I WAS MEETING GEORGE AND MARK AT MARK'S PLACE. AS I
PARKED MY BIKE I NOTICED THE WAY THE CLOUDS
WERE PILING UP AND BEGAN TO THINK WE MIGHT HAVE TO
CANCEL OUR PLAN TO CAMP OUT IN THE LAKE THAT NIGHT.



THE FIRST WEEK AFTER HALLERSON, I
WAS MEETING GEORGE AND MARK AT MARK'S
PLACE. AS I PARKED MY BIKE I NOTICED
THE WAY THE CLOUDS WERE PILING UP
AND BEGAN TO THINK WE MIGHT HAVE
TO CANCEL OUR PLAN TO CAMP OUT IN
THE LAKE THAT NIGHT.



THE FIRST WEEK AFTER HALLERSON, I
WAS MEETING GEORGE AND MARK AT MARK'S
PLACE. AS I PARKED MY BIKE I NOTICED
THE WAY THE CLOUDS WERE PILING UP
AND BEGAN TO THINK WE MIGHT HAVE
TO CANCEL OUR PLAN TO CAMP OUT IN
THE LAKE THAT NIGHT.



GEORGE DIDN'T LIKE TO SWELL ON THE FLICK
TOKE BECAUSE IT SOBERLY REMINDED HIM THAT
IN SOME WAYS HE WASN'T THE COOLEST MOST
WITH THE GUY AROUND

IT WAS SUMMER AND WE WERE SWIMMING DOWN AT
LAKE TRACY ONE DAY AND GOING OVER ALL THE CUBS
WORDS WE COULD THINK OF WHEN MARK CAME OUT
WITH THE ~~STICK~~ ONE

FLICK

I ONLY HEARD THE WORD
ONCE BEFORE AT CAMP AN
OLDER KID AGED ACTUALLY
ONE OF THE COUNSELORS I
HAD SAID IT WAS ANOTHER
WORD FOR SEXUAL INTER-
COURSE WHATEVER THAT WAS

I LOOKED AROUND SCARED
THAT SOME GROWN-UP MIGHT
HAVE CAUGHT AN EARFUL

THUS WE WERE CALLED

WHAT'S THAT?

MARK GAVE ME A CON-
SPIRATORIAL GLANCE
THAT SAID DO YOU
REALLY THINK WE'RE LUCKY?

OF COURSE I
DIDN'T MENTION
WHAT HE MEAN-
ING OF THAT PAR-
TICULAR WORD
WASN'T ENTIRELY
CLEAR TO ME EITHER

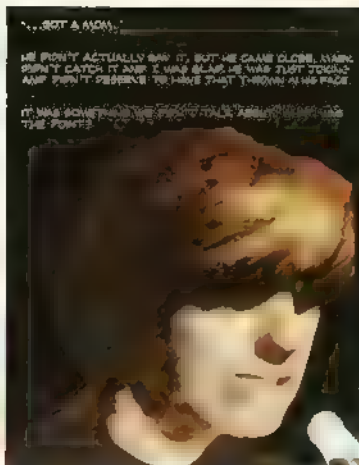
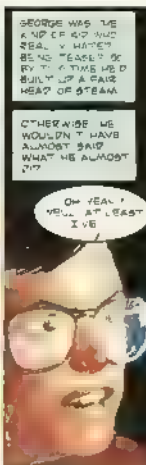
WE
IT'S NOT A
JES WORD
FOR LY

IT'S JUST
ANOTHER WORD
FOR SEX

WHAT'S
THAT?

IT
BE

AND GEORGE
FELT FOR IT



MY DAD
LEFT US LAST
NIGHT

WHATTA M
MEAN? HE TOOK
OFF FOR ROCK
HILL AGAIN?

NO HE
SAID HE DIDN'T
KNOW WHERE HE
WAS GOING

JUST HE
HAD TO GO

WELL...
WHEN'S HE
COMING
BACK?

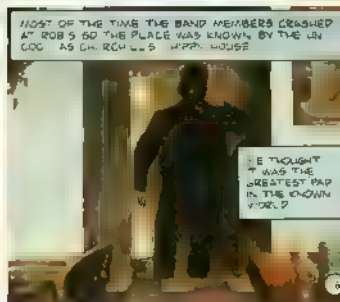
I DON
KNOW

MAYBE
HE WON'T

MARK'S DAD HAD LEFT IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT HE'D
SIMPLY PACKED A FEW THINGS,
WRITTEN A NOTE TO HIS TWO
SONS AND GONE

SINCE THEN MARK AND ROB
HAD RECEIVED MONEY FROM
HIM ONCE A MONTH THE MOST
RECENT CHECK HAD COME
FROM BEATTIE WASHINGTON

A MILLION MILES AWAY





ROB. AN ANGEL HAS A
HEART WHO DESP SEES
WITH EVERY CUBE OF
HIS BEING ALL FEARING
OF DISOBLAY. IT
MARK DO HIS THING
FOR THE MOST PART
BUT HE'D BEEN KNOWN
TO LOSE IT. * OL 44 CA

HE -G WE
A2L RESSAL
JESSEY WAG
A - KE



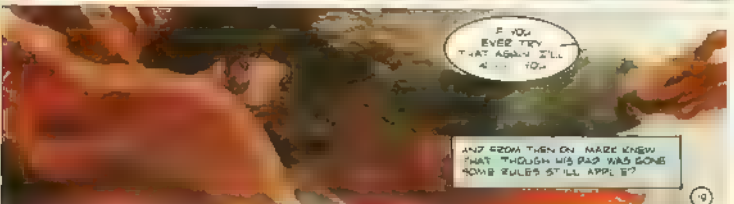
ARE YOU
DOING?



HEY
ROB MAN

I SAID WHAT
DO YOU HAVE YOU'RE
DOING CARE?

HE'S JUST
A - YOU AGG
HOLE HE'S JUST
A -



IF YOU
EVER TRY
THAT AGAIN I'LL
A -

AND FROM THEN ON MARK KNEW
THAT THOUGH HIS PAST WAS GONE
SOME RULES STILL APPLIED



AND I THINK KNOWING THAT ROB WAS LOOKING
OUT FOR HIM IN HIS OWN WAY WAS WHAT
MARK NEEDED TO FINALLY LET HIS FATHER GO.

DO
YOU GUYS
HAVE EVERY-
THING?

DID YOU
REMEMBER THE
HOTDOG?

OSCAR
MAYBE ALL
THE WAY



DO
YOU
KNOW
ABOUT
THESE
CLOUDS
MAN

DON'T BE
A GEL. MAN
IF WE GET RAIN-
ED ON. WE ALL GET
SICK AND GET TO
SKIP SCHOOL
COME ON



I'D BEEN WORRIED ABOUT THE
WEATHER BUT THE SUN WAS
SETTING & A CLEAR SKY BY
THE TIME WE WERE CROSSING
THE HIGHWAY AND HEADING
INTO THE TREES

IT LOOKED LIKE
WE WERE GOING
TO BE ALRIGHT
AFTER ALL

AND THEY
SAY THAT IF YOU
FOLLOW THOSE RUSTY
TRACKS DOWN TO THE
TUNNEL WHERE THE
CAVE-IN HAPP-
PENED

YOU CAN
STILL HEAR THEM
THE TWELVE PAS-
SENGERS OF THAT
FOOTED TRAIN
SINNING

LISTEN
LARRY
SAY

WHERE'D
YOU GET
THAT ONE
FROM?

MY DAD
HE SAYS I
REALLY HAPPEN-
ED WHEN HE
WAS A KID

WELL
DID HE EVER
GO CHECK IT
OUT?

DID HE HEAR
ANYTHING?

YEAH
HE SAID HE
WENT DOWN TO THE
TUNNEL ONE NIGHT
BUT HE WAS TOO
CHICKEN TO
GO

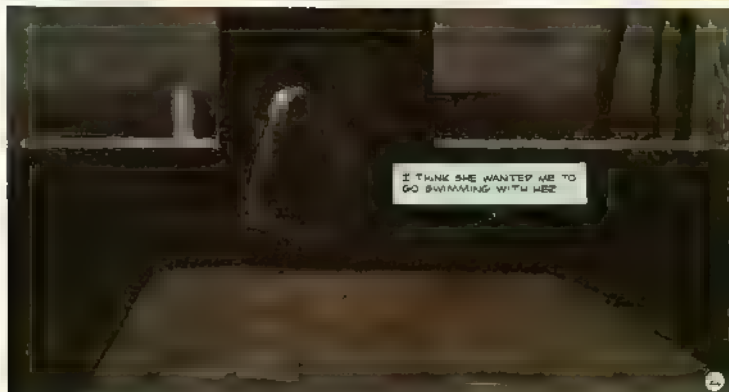
HE SAYS
HE DID REALLY
SOOT BUT HE
HEARD 'EM

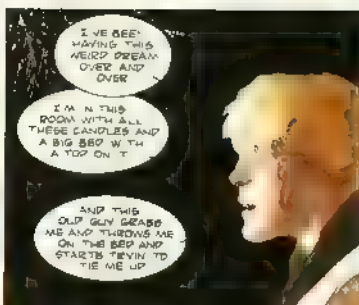
"POSSIBLY"
THE WIND

NO WAY
THOSE HE COULD
HEAR THE WORDS
IT WAS GOD REST YE
MERRY GENTLEMEN
CLEAR AS A
BELL

EAT
A CHANCE
ANLE

YOU GUYS
EVER SEE A
GHOST?





I'M TRYIN' TO GET OUT BUT
THIS PLACE IS LIKE A MAZE

ABOUT NOW I'M STARTIN' TO GET REALLY
DIZZY LOSING MY BALANCE KINDA

BUT YOU KNOW
HOW WHEN YOU'RE
IN A DREAM
YOU'RE TRYIN' TO
FELL BUT NOTHIN'
ONES OUT?

AND YOU'RE RUN-
NING AS FAST AS
YOU CAN BUT IT
FEELS LIKE
YOU'RE UP TO YOUR
KNEES IN MUD?

HE PUTS HIS
HAND OVER MY
MOUTH SO I
CAN'T YELL
AND YANKS ME
BACK IN

I TURN THIS
CORNER AND I
CAN SEE WHAT
LOOKS LIKE THE
FRONT DOOR SO
I HEAD FOR IT

I FINALLY GET TO THE
DOOR AND I MANAGE TO
OPEN IT BUT JUST AS I'M
GOIN' THROUGH THE GUY
GRABS ME FROM BEHIND

WHEN I'M REALLY GROGGY I FEEL
LIKE I'M STARTING TO PASS OUT



AND
THEN IT'S
OVER AND
I WAKE
UP

WHEN
WHEN DID IT
START?



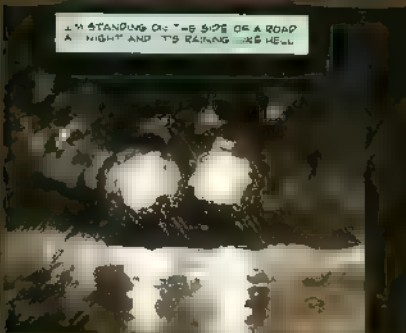
HALLOWEEN
NIGHT

SAME
WHERE

SAY
WHAT?



YEAH
I'VE BEEN
HAYING ONE
TOO ONLY HAVE
.5N T SCARY
REALLY



I'M STANDING ON THE SIDE OF A ROAD
A NIGHT AND IT'S RAINING LIKE HELL



WAS PARKED? I WAS OVER AND I GET

THIS GUY IS DRIVING BUT I CAN'T SEE HIS FACE TOO GOOD AND HE'S YAKKING AWAY

THEN HE PULLS INTO THIS DRIVEWAY AND WE GO THROUGH A GATE AND UP TO THIS BIG HOUSE

HE UNLOCKS THE FRONT DOOR

AND I FOLLOW HIM IN

THAT'S IT

YOU DIDN'T SEE HIS FACE?

NOT REALLY BUT I RECOGNIZED THE HOUSE 'T WAS THE BREVEZ PLACE

WOLY SHIT

GUYS YOU'RE NEVER GONNA BELIEVE THIS

IT WAS MARK'S IDEA TO TAKE ROB'S CAR
WE TOLD HIM HE WAS OUT OF HIS MIND
ROB WOULD KILL US

MARK'S ARGUMENT WAS THAT ROB WOULD
NEVER KNOW THE BAND WAS PRACTICING
THAT NIGHT AND WE'D BE BACK BEFORE
THEY KNOCKED OFF

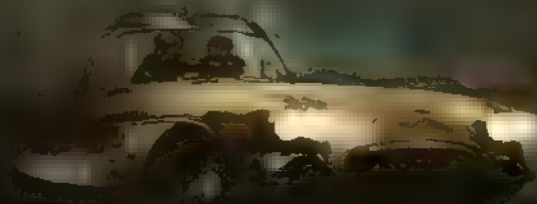
DAVE LIVED JUST THIRTY MINUTES AWAY

WE'D PLACED THREE PIECES OF A JOBSAW
PUZZLE AND DAVE WOULD PLACE THE
FOURTH

BECAUSE WE'D EATEN THE LAST PIECE OF
PIE, A PIE MADE FROM THE MEATY IN-
TERIOR OF A PUMPKIN HARVESTED FROM
THE GRAVE OF A BOY BOTH KNOWN AND
UNKNOWN TO EVERYONE IN TOWN

A BOY WHO'D BEEN DEAD ALL OUR LIVES
AND WHOSE LAST MINUTES WERE NOW
RECORDED IN OUR DREAMS

GO TO SLEEP PUSH 'PLAY





KEEP
IT DOWN
UNCLE FUD & A
REAL LIGHT
SLEEPER



COME ON
HIS EDDON &
AROUND
BACK



THIS
IS IT

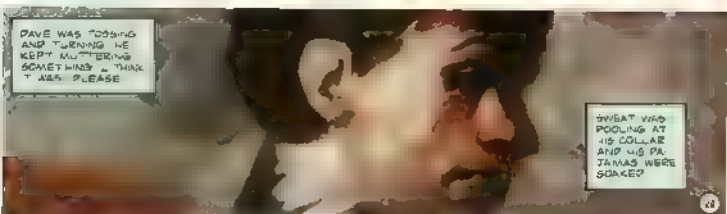
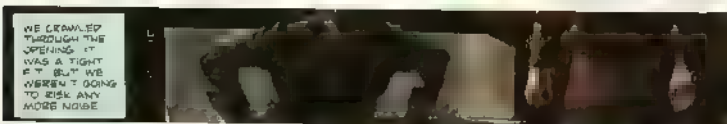


IT WAS PAST
MIDNIGHT SO
WE WEREN'T
SURPRISED TO
FIND HIM
ASLEEP



NOT DREAMING

26



DAVE
MURDERER VILLAIN
WAS A LUT!

HE DID WE COULD SEE HE WAS
ABOUT TO LET OUT A SCREAM
BUT GEORGE CLAMPED A HAND
AROUND HIS MOUTH AND PUSHED
HIS HEAD DOWN INTO THE Puddle

IT'S OKAY
IAN IT'S OKAY

AFER A MINUTE
HE WAS CALMER
AND HE COULD
LET HIM GO

DAVE
WE NEED
TO KNOW
WHY

WHAT WOULD
YOU BEEN
DREAMING?

I TOOK SOME ME BUT DAVE MANAGED TO
TELL US THE STORY OF HIS DREAM

IT WAS GOING TO BE BAD AND WE THOUGHT
WE WERE READY FOR IT. HE KNEW THE
STARTING POINT WE KNEW THE DESTINATION

BUT THE JOURNEY

DAVE HAD BEEN TRAVELLING THAT STRETCH
OF ROAD FOR OVER TWO WEEKS NOW AND
WE WERE 10" AWAY

WE DROPPED THE CAR OFF AT DARK &
THE FORAGERS WERE JUST LAUNCHING
INTO THEIR COVER OF MAGIC CARPET
RIDE AND HEADED BACK TO OUR
CAMP. UNTIL WE MADE SOME SORT
OF PLAN, WE FIGURED WE SHOULD
NOT BE ABLE TO GET ON

AND NOT BEING SEEN IT WAS A TEN
YEAR OLD PROBLEM KNAPP WAS
SURE TO GET THE PHONE LINES HUM-
MING BETWEEN CHURCHILL AND
SPALDING WAS ESSENTIAL. WE FELT
THE "KIDNAPERS" OF SUBCUT

MARK AND I SACKED OUT
WHILE GEORGE SAT UP
WITH DAVE TO MAKE SURE
HE DIDN'T GO OFF

GEORGE WAS SUP-
POSED TO WAKE ME
UP FOR MY WATCH
BUT HE DELETED
OFF THE MIDDLE
OF HIS OWN

AS IT HAPPENED. WE DIDN'T
NEED TO WORRY. DAVE WAS
HIDE AWAY AND EAT IS A
HOT YOG WHEN WE CAME AROUND

HE WAS LOOKING BETTER TOO
NOT A LOT BUT SOME



ANY MORE
OF THOSE? I'M
STARVING

THEY'RE
NOT COOKED



I DON'T
CARE THANKS
YOU DON'T
DEAR?

YEAH THIS
IS THE FIRST
SOLD FOOD I'VE
HAD FOR A COUPLE OF
DAYS I COULDN'T
KEEP IT DOWN
UNTIL NOW



GOOD THE
SCARED YOU
SWINELESS



OH MAN
DID I FALL
ASLEEP?

FOOD



IT'S
OKAY MAN
DAVE'S POIN GOOD
AREN'T YA?

YEAH I'M
FINE I DON'T
NEED ANYBODY
TO KEEP ME
AWAKE



MAN YOU HAD
US SCARED LAST
NIGHT WE THOUGHT
YOU WERE GONNA
CRASH

I'M
DOIN
BE TIER
NOW

YOU
THAT'S
NOT TRUE
ME



OKAY
SO WHAT ARE
WE GONNA
DO?

ANY
DEAR?

ARABIA • 1902

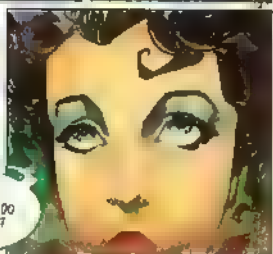
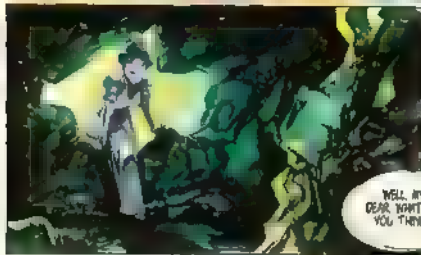
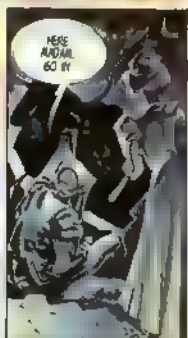


SOMETHING WAKES ME
UP, SLOWLY FROM DEEP
TIMELESS SLEEP

• ONCE AGAIN FEEL THE
LIGHT WARM BREEZE OF
THE DESERT

AND SEE HOW THE AIR
RAREFIED THROUGH THE
CENTURIES FILTERS THE
NEW LIGHT





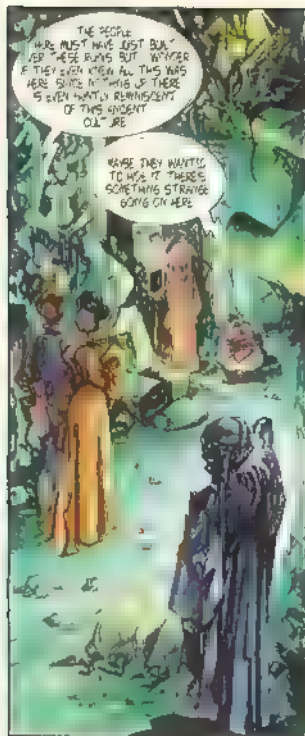


I'M
AMAZED.



MY DEAR ELM, THIS
IS INCREDIBLE. THESE
RUNES ARE EVEN MORE
ANCIENT THAN THOSE
ON THE SURFACE OUT
SIDE. THEY CANNOT
BE COMPARED WITH
ANYTHING WE HAVE
DISCOVERED SO FAR.





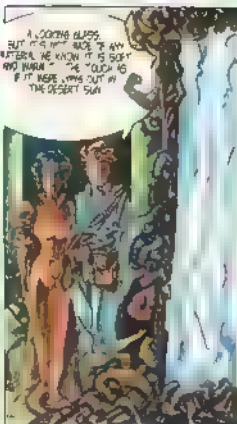
THE PEOPLE
HERE MUST HAVE JUST BUILT
UP THESE RUNS BUT WONDER
IF THEY EVEN KNEW ALL THIS WAS
HERE SINCE NOTHING OF THERE
IS EVEN SLIGHTLY REMINISCENT
OF THIS ANCIENT
CULTURE

MAYBE THEY WANTED
TO HIDE IT THERE'S
SOMETHING STRANGE
GOING ON HERE

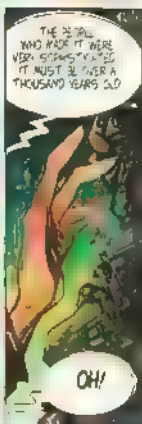


IT LOOKS LIKE A TOMB BUT WE
HAVEN'T FOUND ANY HUMAN REMAINS
LOOK AT THESE 'HUMAN' SCULPTURES IN
THE STONE. THEY'RE ALL WOMEN AND
ALL OF THEM LOOK LIKE THEY'VE
BEEN TORTURED

COME HERE
ELMA, LOOK
AT THIS



A LOOKING GLASS,
BUT IT'S NOT MADE OF ANY
MATERIAL WE KNOW IT IS BUILT
AND BUILT - THE "CLOCK" IS
IF IT WERE BUILT OUT IN
THE DESERT SUN



THE PEOPLE
WHO MADE IT WERE
VERY SCARY - IT
MUST BE OVER A
THOUSAND YEARS OLD

OH!



WATCH OUT! THE
TEETH ARE SHARPER THAN
RAZOR BLADES

IT'S
NOTHING

YOU MUST CLEAN
AND DISINFECT
THAT CUT



I'LL BE
ALRIGHT

I'M ALL ALONE ONCE AGAIN

HEAR IN MORE VOICES AND
I'M ONCE AGAIN SHROUDED
IN DARKNESS

DON'T WANT TO GO BACK
TO MY SOLITARY AND
TORMENTED DREAMS

NOT NOW

NOW THAT I CAN FEEL ONCE AGAIN
THE STIRRING OF LIFE WITHIN ME





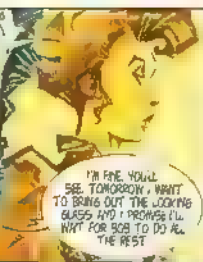
TAMERS, YOU
DON'T LOOK
VERY WELL.

DON'T WORRY, BUB.
I'LL FEEL BETTER BY AND BY...
IT'S THIS HEAT. THE AIR HAS
BEEN SO HEAVY FOR THE
PAST FEW DAYS.



I WISH
BOB WERE
BACK!

HE WON'T BE
LONG. YOU SHOULD REST
NOW AND WAIT UNTIL HE
GETS BACK TO FINISH
THE WORK.

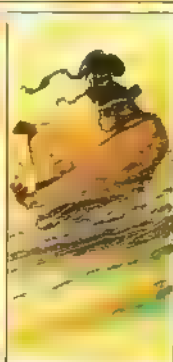
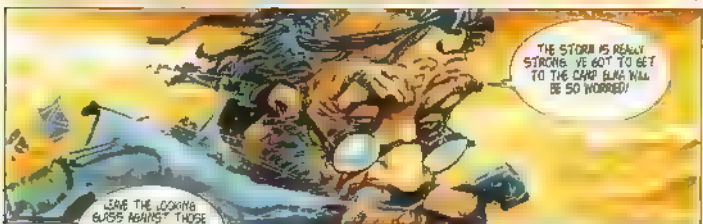
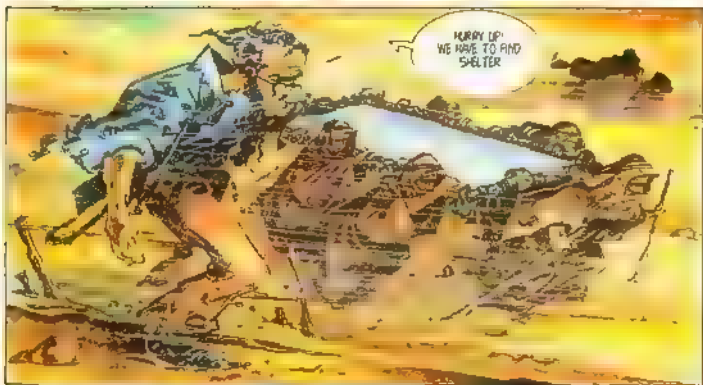


I'M FINE. YOU'LL
SEE. TOMORROW, I WANT
TO BRING OUT THE JACKING
GLASS AND I PROMISE I'LL
WAIT FOR BOB TO DO ALL
THE REST.



March 27th
Bob's left seven days ago to reform
the architecture of the discovery of the lens.
We are all waiting for him to come back.
Terry's inside him. I'm of very little help in
the recreation. Then there are three ancient
sewers and I want all this to run. But
the dream keep coming back. But
open and again.





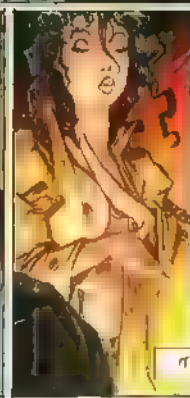


CAN NOW SENSE THEIR
BODIES MUCH MORE STRONGLY

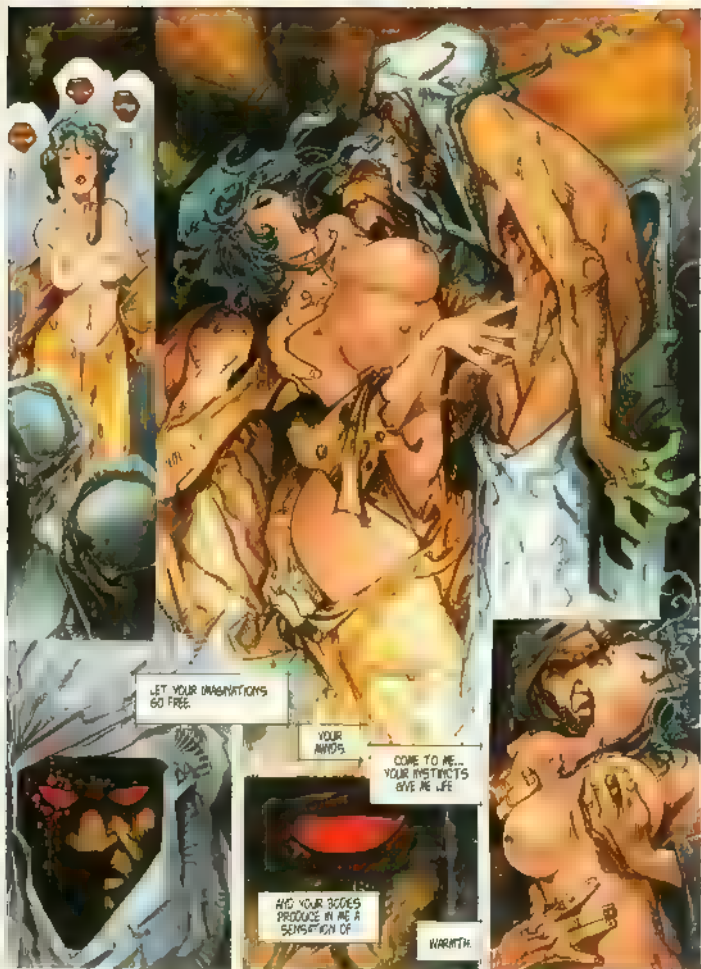
IT'S VERY HOT



THEIR MINDS ARE
WANDERING THEY
ARE CONFUSED



IT IS VERY HOT



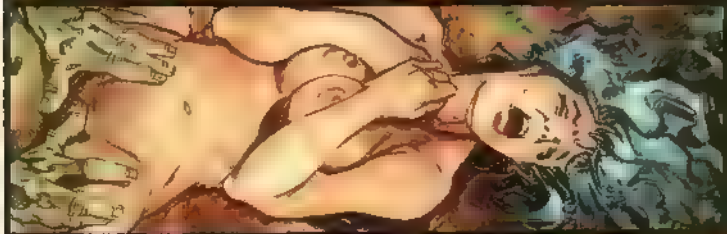
LET YOUR IMAGINATIONS
GO FREE.

YOUR
HANDS

COME TO ME...
YOUR INSTINCTS
GIVE ME LIFE

AND YOUR BODIES
PRODUCE IN ME A
SENSATION OF

WARREN.





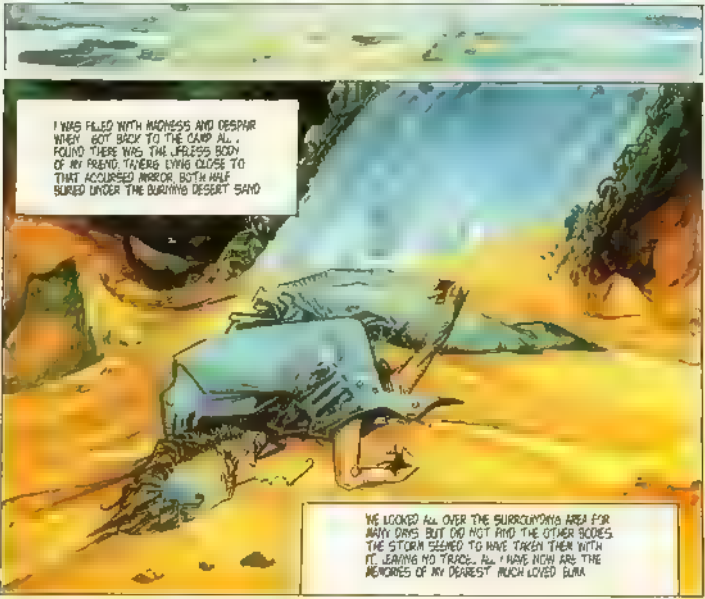
COME CLOSER. YOU'LL FEEL THE
WARMTH OF MY TOUCH.

CLOSER.



CLOSER

MORE



I WAS FILLED WITH MADNESS AND DESPAIR
WHEN I GOT BACK TO THE CAMP. ALL I
FOUND THERE WAS THE LIFELESS BODY
OF MY FRIEND TAYERS LYING CLOSE TO
THAT ACCURSED MONSTER, BOTH HALF
BURIED UNDER THE BURNING DESERT SAND.

WE LOOKED ALL OVER THE SURROUNDING AREA FOR
MANY DAYS BUT DID NOT FIND THE OTHER BODIES.
THE STORM SEEMED TO HAVE TAKEN THEM WITH
IT, LEAVING NO TRACE... NOW I HAVE NOW ARE THE
MEMORIES OF MY DEAREST, MUCH-LOVED ELNA.

THE END

POPULAR STRIPTease MAGAZINE



INSIDE
PLANT
Watering
Device
you can build

PLUS: COMPUTERIZED
COFFEE CAN OPENER

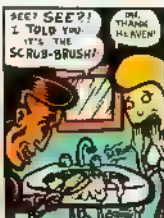
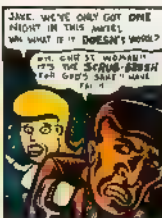
MARVIN GARFOETUS

by Wayne



SCRUB-BRUSH

by Roy Tompkins



MOUNT HOWDY

by Gerald Jablonski

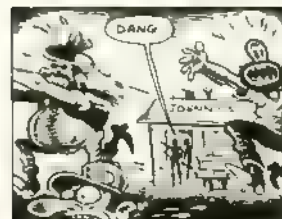


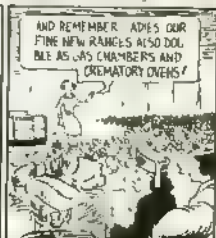
SLUG BUCKET

by Steven Erdman



GALS WITH GUNS





EARTHMAN'S GUIDE TO THE

GUIDE TO SYMBOLS

- 1. Everything you see on this planet will be a 100% illusion.
- 2. People on this planet usually Buddy Egan and will hear you as plain if you say anything "funny" or derogatory about Buddy Egan.
- 3. Cautious/Delict.
- 4. Bahmoo is the local currency, which makes for rather messy financial transactions.
- 5. There's a McDonalds.

SECTOR 8

Elysium-B is a completely secure planet. A weghtless zone. "You'll feel light and airy, light as Air, if you do. It's your because of the low gravity. Wind of a r p all.

Wormplanet is a very nice planet. Really great. don't go there.

The wormpeople are eager to please but they have no legs. The only structures on the planet are the piles of logs and they've managed to push together with their tails.

Xevion is a very nice planet. Also known as "The Star Trek Planet" years ago, the natives feared that some people will buy anything with the words Star Trek and are all now self-declared wankers.

Schnappson is a very nice planet. The planet of Schnapps drinkers ruled over by their Schnapps loving phloges pher-ing Schnappsy Schnappsy is the local currency, which makes for rather messy gettys and means we get to call one of our schnappsy half here.

The Planet of Music Toys



PROCYON NEBULA

VISIT AL REGIO'S MUFFLER WORLD

Clim Planet

Means of climbing the clim the clim crime boss they busy.

The Earth

Turned here years ago the only let a fly in this world and shall of a planet is the highly performance of Caca is it playing at the winterland in theatre in the Pampas of New York City.

FROM NOW UNTIL 3478 THE PARADE HOTEL AT LAS VEGAS

PRESENT THE VERMILION KNID

SECTOR 7

Sleobido

A nice enough little friendly boutique. Yet the natives are always trying to "to the and so C. HUSKINS' Ombuds you just want a really amazing.

Procyon Las Vegas-Sur-Le Mer de Chlorine

Now we're taking The ultimate in Twentieth Century ENTERTAINMENT COMPLETES continuing the road you.

Tired of making all those difficult decisions?

VISIT OMEGAS SLAVE CAMP

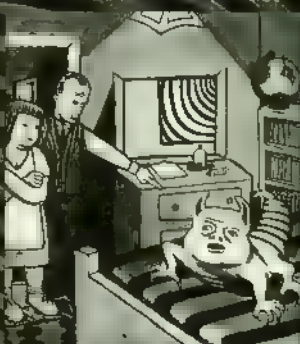
SUBURBAN

CUNNINGHAM

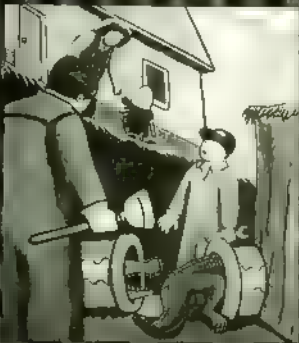
Paradise
UNIVERSE



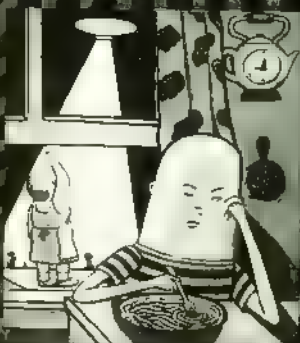
It's Bigfoot, just there him.



How about you get for must be a bit.



Looks like sawed gears again.



UFO might always mean Chef Boy or Dee.

FORTUNE COOKIES

You are the master of every situation.



You have an unusually magnetic personality.



You have a great sense of humor and a good sense of style.



A person of high intelligence is more to be feared than a person of low intelligence.



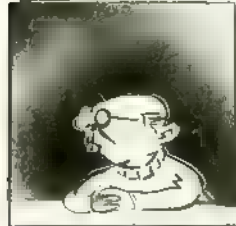
The stubbornness of a man prolongs his life.



A person who has a great sense of humor and a good sense of style is more to be feared than a person of low intelligence.



You are the master of every situation.



You have an unusually magnetic personality.



You have a great sense of humor and a good sense of style.



AMAZING PSYCHIC SELF-DEFENSE EXERCISES

PASTE POTENTIAL ASSAILANTS
TO A WHIRLING WALL

with
"THE ROTOR"

47 COLLECT EM ALL



Try this one the
next time you have
to walk by a group
of loitering youths!

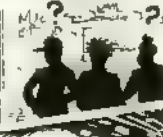
JUSTIN
GREEN

LET'S SAY ONE KID ALREADY SEES YOU
IF YOU WERE TO CROSS THE STREET
YOUR ODDARCE WOULD BE EVIDENT.

THREE LITTLE
B BASTARDS
COULD K KILL
ME!



AS YOU PROCEED, PINCH THE BRIDGE OF
YOUR NOSE AND TAKE DEEP, RAPID
BREATHS THROUGH THE NOSTRILS.



APPARENTLY,
THE THIEVES ARE
NEUTRALIZED BY
CENTRIFUGAL
FORCE!

PROJECT YOURSELF INTO THE
CENTER OF A WHIRLING SPIRAL,
MOVING COUNTER CLOCKWISE IN
GRADUALLY WIDENING ARCS.

"PARTIAL, YOU SAY?"

"YES, AND THE FOOLS LOVE IT!"

LOOTY

What brings us back to life?
Where do we seek humility?
By what knowledge does a
man destroy himself?

LOOTY is a head-on collision at the intersection of technology and intellect. And nobody is creating louder in the wreckage than the one who caused it all. Contemptible Looty. The terrible toy.

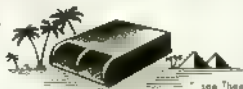
As the cross-eyed flounders said to St. Francis: "This is the ugliest damn tunnel I've ever been in." Please send me bona fide information on: L-O-O-T-Y and include your N-E-W rating of other unearthly delights.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

HARDY AMERICAN FACT
40 DEPT. MURDER AND REPRESSION TH. LAS ANA

TRUST... SEEK... ASK



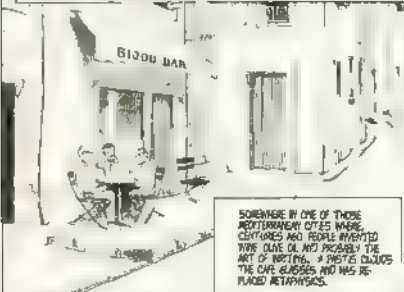
Looty
PASSION WITHOUT PLEASURE

There are some things man was never intended to see. LOOTY, the contemptible mutual brain-fucker, helps you see em!

©1993 JIM WOODWARD

HEAVY METAL 76

PANIC UNDER THE CLOTHESLINE



SOMEWHERE IN ONE OF THOSE MEDITERRANEAN CITIES WHERE, CENTURIES AGO, PEOPLE INVENTED THING OLIVE OIL AND PROBABLY THE ART OF DRESSING, A PISTE CLOUDES THE CAR GLASSES AND WAS REPLACED RETAPHYSICS.

HELLO ME, LIFE IS JUST ONE LONG NIGHTMARE.

NEAR YOU LISTEN TO THIS "STRANDED BY HER OWN BRASSIERE SHE STILL MANAGED TO GET OUT + LOVE YOU" UNMOVED THE MANIC ALLOUDED HER.

WELL, THERE ARE ALWAYS THOSE TO KNOW FATE AND BEEN JOONED.



WAIT A MINUTE, I SENSE THAT SMELL OF CURLED HAIR THAT SCOTCHES THE PUNGENCY OF THE AIRWAY WITHOUT COMPLETELY OVERCOMING THE AROMA OF STALE FISH.

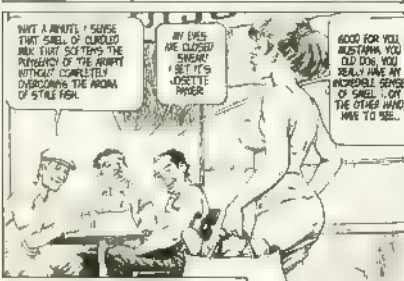
MY EYES ARE CLOSED SWEET! I GET IT'S JOSETTE PAYER.

GOOD FOR YOU, MUSTARD. YOU OLD DOG, YOU REALLY HAVE AN INCREDIBLE SENSE OF SMELL. ON THE OTHER HAND, HAVE TO SEE.

LOOK AT THOSE CHEEKS GENTLY BRUSHING AGAINST ONE ANOTHER AROUND THE ORACLE OF PLEASURE AND CONCEPTION.

PALLO, SMELL IS THE ESSENCE. IT ALWAYS A LITTLE DISAPPOINTED BY THE APPEARANCE. EVEN THOUGH NOW IT'S BONG, JOSEF.

WELL, IT BEES BE GREAT PLEASURE TO SEE YOU BEING SITTING THERE, DID IN AND DRY CLIT.



BUT THE INFINITE TONGUE OF THE DARK MOUTH THIS GROUP OF FRIENDS AND THEIR ANALYTIC COMMENTARY OF THE NIGHT THAT MORN ON THE ONE ABOVE THEIR HEADS.



LOOKS LIKE THE ENGLISH GUY JUST CAME BACK TO THE HARBORMASTER'S DAUGHTER'S HOUSE.

YEAH, AND IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S BAKING AND LETTING US KNOW HOW THE FLES WOULD.

HAIR, WITH THE CONTRIBUTION OF HIS UNDERWEAR. IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S JUST THE BRANDEST DROG IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD DON'T YOU AGREE?

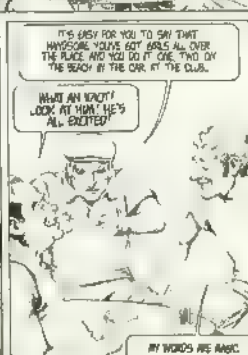
IF THERE WARD, WERE A SMALL ONE WITH US.

WELL, THERE OCTOPUS. I CAN SEE YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING ALL DAY FANTASIZING.



IT'S EASY FOR YOU TO SAY THAT HANDSOME YOU'VE GOT BOOBS ALL OVER THE PLACE AND YOU DO IT ONE TWO ON THE BEACH IN THE CAR AT THE CLUB.

WHAT AN IDIOT! LOOK AT HIM! HE'S ALL EXCITED!



MY WORDS ARE MAGIC.

*PISTE IS A STRENGTH LIQUEUR THAT IS DRINK IN SOUTHERN FRANCE.

TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, LIFE WENT BY AT A SLOW PACE, AMONG THOSE OLD BANDS SOAKED IN PHOTIS, NO LONGER IN THEIR PRIME, UNTIL ONE DAY RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THAT HEAVY COTTON UNDERWEAR, CAME TWO OBJECTS SO DELICATELY DESIGNED AND MODELED THAT NO ONE AMONG THE NEIGHBORHOOD OLIVE EATERS COULD HAVE POSSIBLY OWNED THEM.



OR, THE SOFT AND PULPATING BREAST LIKE A SMALL AND FROTTENED BIRD CAUGHT IN A LACE HANDKERCHIEF.

WHEN THEIR MOST ADGENT INSHES WERE STILL ADDRESSED TO THE PATRON OF ALL LOST CAUSES



PITCH ME, MUST BE DREAMING!

NO, LOOSE, IT'S REAL, EVEN THOUGH IT'S SO DELICATE AS TO SEEM QUITE UNREAL.

MADE TO COVER.



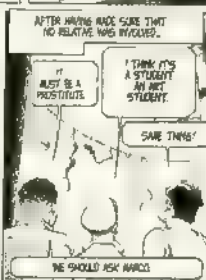
AFTER HAVING MADE SURE THAT NO RELATIVE WAS INVOLVED...

IT MUST BE A PROSTITUTE.

I THINK IT'S A STUDENT, AN ART STUDENT.

SAVE THEM!

WE SHOULD ASK MARIO.



I HAVE FLOWN TOO CLOSE TO THE SUN, I AM TREMBLING...

AS SOON AS I GET HOME I WILL HAVE TO GIVE MYSELF SOME RELIEF OR I'LL BE...

MAYBE I'VE FELT THIS WAY SINCE WAS VERY YOUNG.



CONFUSED, AND BELONGING TO A GENERATION WITHOUT THE BENEFIT OF TELEVISION, THEY RECALLED THEIR EARLIEST DREAMS AND EROTICIONS.



OR WHEN COMING AROUND SOME BUSHES, EVEN A STATUE WOULD COME IT'S SENSE OF MODESTY...

OUR FRIENDS WHO ONLY TASTED THE
MILDEST OF TORTURES THE NEXT
DAY AS THEY WERE CHASED AGAIN!
DROOLING OVER AND ANALYZING THE
BALLET OF UNDERWEAR ON THE LINE.

NO? NOT THEM?

YES, AND MORE LEFT
THAT YOU ON
FINEST OF DAYS...

THE ANGEL WARDENS
SLIGHTLY AS THE COOL
AIR OF THE EVENING
CARRIES IT.

A PINK LINE MARKS
HER SKIN WHERE
THE BUSTIC WAS
PULLED TOX TIGHT.
THE ENTRANCE
TO THE TEMPLE
ON GOD!

LOOK, SHE DOESN'T EVEN
WASH HER UNDERWEAR.
SHE JUST PUTS IT OUT
FOR AN ANGEL. SHE
MUST BE SELF-CLEANING.

YOU ALL LOOK STRANGE. WHAT DO
THEY PUT IN YOUR PANTS TODAY?

IF YOU COULD
ONLY SEE HER
UNPLEASING
AN INVITATION
TO A HEAVENLY
PLEASURE.

THE GYM OF THE FLESH
THE DESIRE TO TRANSGRESS
ALL THE TABOOS INHERITED
FROM GENERATIONS OF
BUSTICATED CATHOLIC
MOTHERS.

MARCO,
HELP US
WE'RE GOING
CRAZY!

FROM THE
DISTANCE I'D
SAY SHE'S A
34 C BRAVE UNDER
CLOTHING FOR A
DREAM. PROBABLY
A NICE LITTLE
TELLER.

SO YOUNG AND SO
CHASTE. MARCO, SON,
IN THAT CASE, DON'T
BURN ANY OF YOUR
SOULLESS ESCAPADES.

IN HEAVEN

THE NEXT DAY AT THE APPROPRIATE HOUR, THE FATAL REMONSTRANCES. THE SOFT INTERLUDE ON HER SIDE. STILL HOLDING IT'S SHADE, AN AURA OF SENSUALITY AGAINST THE DEEP BLUE SKY.



MY FRIENDS, THIS IS INTOLERABLE. LET'S TAKE OUR COURAGE IN BOTH HANDS.

YES, LET US GO SEARCHING FOR THE SHIRT, THOUGH THE WAY MAY BE UNBROKEN.

COME!



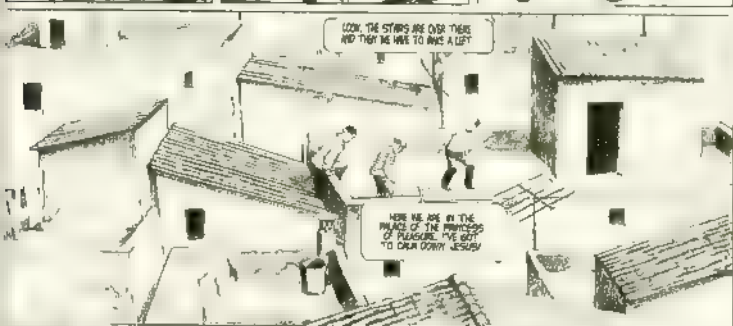
LET'S GO IN THE BACK WAY. WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET TO HER FLOOR FROM THE TERRACES ON NATAL STREET.

DO YOU THINK SOMEONE WILL BE ABLE TO?

LET'S TAKE OUR COURAGE IN BOTH HANDS. LET'S GO!



LOOK, THE STAIRS ARE OVER THERE AND THEY'VE HAD TO MAKE A LEFT.



HERE WE ARE IN THE PALACE OF THE PRINCESS OF PLEASURE. I'VE GOT TO GO. ONLY JESSE!

DO YOU THINK THIS IS A BALL?



I'M HURRYING.



JESSE! WHERE ARE YOU?

OH MY GOD!

AFTER THE SHAMELESS MIMOS HAD BEEN EVICTED FROM THE CIRCLE, LIFE SEEMED TO HAVE REGAINED ITS BALANCE, BUT WITHOUT THE ENERGY IT HAD BEFORE.



THAT'S NOT JUST AN ASS. IT'S A VOLCANO. READY TO ERUPT. CAN FEEL THE SHAKES ESCAPING FROM THE ASSHOLE OF THE INCONTINENT CENTER.

STOP TALKING LIKE THAT. YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT'S IN THOSE PAINTS. LIST! WHAT ALL THE BEST LOOKS KOSHER.

WHAT? WHAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH MEAT?



AND THE PAINFUL SUBJECT WAS ONCE AGAIN DISCUSSED.

"TOLD THAT ASSHOLE YOU HAVE MY WORD. IF I SEE YOU HERE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD AGAIN, JUST ONCE I'LL KILL YOU. I'LL PUTTEN YOU OUT AND KILL YOU."

WHEN THEY THAT HE GAVE ME A HAND ON I FEEL TRANQUILITY.

AWKWARD LOOKED PRETTY GOOD. AFTER ALL.

DO YOU WANT A PUNCH IN THE FACE, YOU PERVERT?

YOU WOULD HAVE TO GET OF YOUR OWN TO DO THAT IN LITTLE COUNTRY.

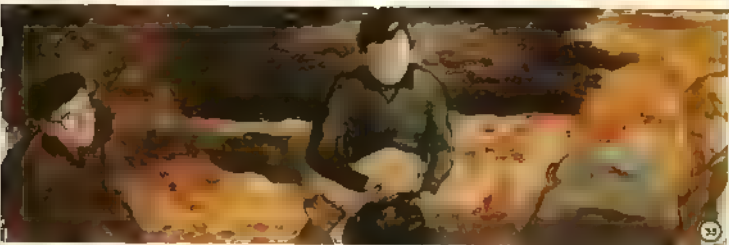
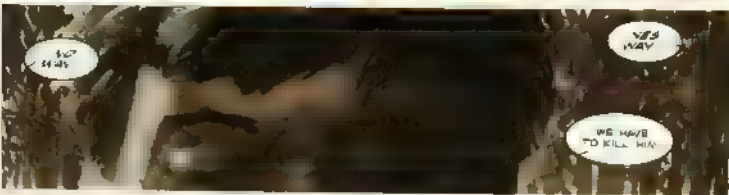
YOU TWO, YOU HAVE ME SICK. YOU BEHAVE JUST LIKE YOU HAVE HADLY.

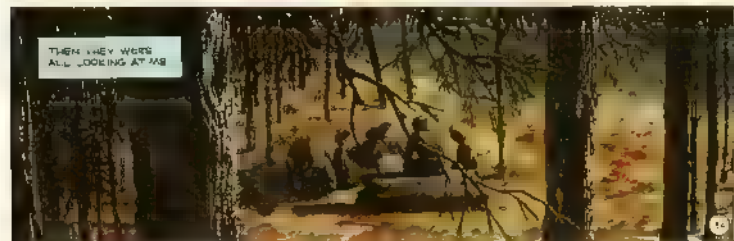
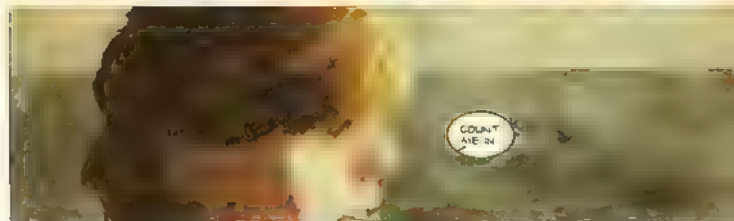
KAC, YALISH, JAL.

HE'S BACK.

NO, IT'S WORSE THAN THAT. IT'S ETERNITY THAT'S CATCHING UP WITH US.

THEN, AS THE MEMBERS LOOKED UP AT THE CONSTELLATION OF STARS, THEY CLUTTERED THEIR SAYS. THEY WERE JING AND FOR ALL THAT THEY WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO RECLAIM THE INNOCENCE THEY HAD LOST.





AND I REALIZED THAT
THIS WAS IT. AT THE
MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

THE LAMENESS OF
SUDDELY KILLED MY
MIND AND I ALMOST
DROPPED WITH MY HANDS.

IT WAS BEING HELD
I WAS BEING HELD
AND I WAS BEING HELD.
I WOULD BE HELD.



AND I WAS BEING HELD
I WAS BEING HELD
AND I WAS BEING HELD.

IT WAS BEING HELD
I WAS BEING HELD
AND I WAS BEING HELD.

AND I WAS BEING HELD
I WAS BEING HELD
AND I WAS BEING HELD.

IT WAS BEING HELD
I WAS BEING HELD
AND I WAS BEING HELD.

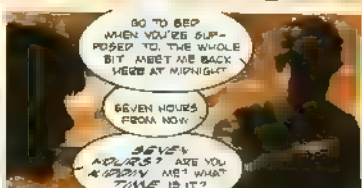
I BREATHED THE MOMENT
THEN TRIED NOT TO STUTTER
AS I SAID

HE WAS

HE WAS MOST AMAZING
WORDS I WILL EVER VOICE

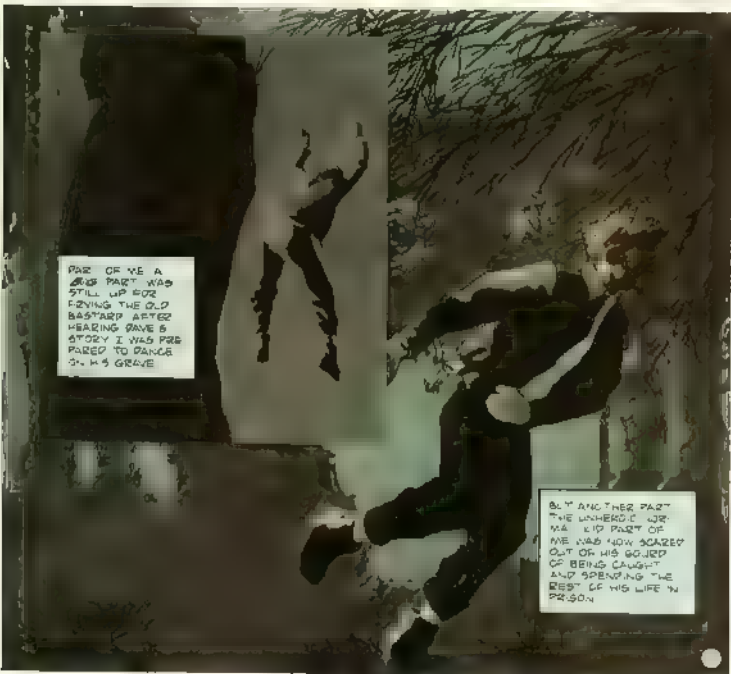
HE WAS MOST AMAZING
WORDS I WILL EVER VOICE







BY 10:30 PM MY
ENTHUSIASM FOR
THE EVENING'S
PLANNED FESTIV-
ITIES HAD BEGUN
TO WANE



PART OF ME A
LITTLE PART WAS
STILL UP FOR
FLYING THE OLD
BASTARD AFTER
HEARING DAVE'S
STORY I WAS PRE-
PARED TO DANCE
ON HIS GRAVE

BUT ANOTHER PART
THE UNHEROIC OR
MAKID PART OF
ME WAS NOW SCARED
OUT OF HIS GUTS
OF BEING CAUGHT
AND SPENDING THE
REST OF HIS LIFE IN
PRISON

THAT PART HAD BEEN SOMEWHERE
IN FRONT WHEN PETE THE HERO,
HAD GAMBLY VOLUNTEERED
IF NOT A FOX HE'D BE A TV

HE NATED UP 'TIL WE WERE ALL
SITTING TOGETHER AT THE POLY
ICE TABLE IN FRONT OF A
CHEESEBURGER AND A PLATE OF
CRISPS TO ASK ALMOST AS AN
ASIDE BY THE WAY PETE IS
THE GRUB THIS GOOD IN JAIL?

WERE
HE'S

YOU HAD
US GOIN' PETE
WE THOUGHT YOU
WERE GONNA
CHICKEN
OUT

ME?
NO WAY
MAN

COOL

THEN
LET'S GO

WHAT WAS GOING ON HERE? WAS I THE ONLY GUY IN
THE VICINITY WITH RESERVATIONS ABOUT ALL THIS?

I'D EXPECTED TO GET THERE AND FIND EVERYBODY
SHUFFLING THEIR FEET

INSTEAD HERE WE WERE RACING THROUGH THE
WOODS TO MURDER SOMEBODY

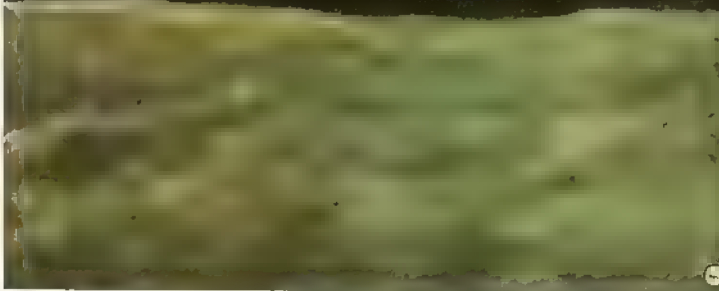
WERE THEY JUST PLAYING CHICKEN? WAS THAT
IT? WAITING FOR SOMEBODY TO HOWL "UNCLE"?

WE'LL SCREW THEM. I THOUGHT IT WASN'T GO-
ING TO BE ME BY GOD

197 RES. ALYSSA



197 RES. ALYSSA



TWO IS IT
MAYBE YOU GO
ABOUT TO THE OTHER
SIDE AND DRESS
T-GOOD

GEORGE
TAKE THE BEAR
MAKE SURE
YOU -

I
DON'T
THINK
I CAN
MAN

ABOUT
THE

WELL?

JOHN
WELL

YOU
AGREE?

I DON'T THINK
IT IS -

WE'RE GOING A
BET CAUGHT ARE
AS WELL

SO WE
HOW? NOT
IF WE KEEP
OUR COOL

IS
RIGHT
TAVE

NOT
YOU
DO

LOOK MAN
HOW DO WE KNOW
WE DID IT? I MEAN
HOW DO WE REALLY
KNOW?

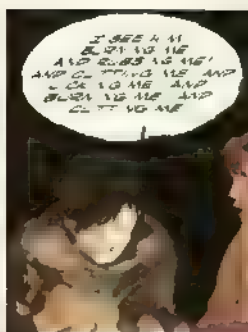
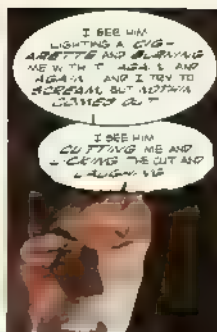
WHAT
IF WE'RE
WRONG?

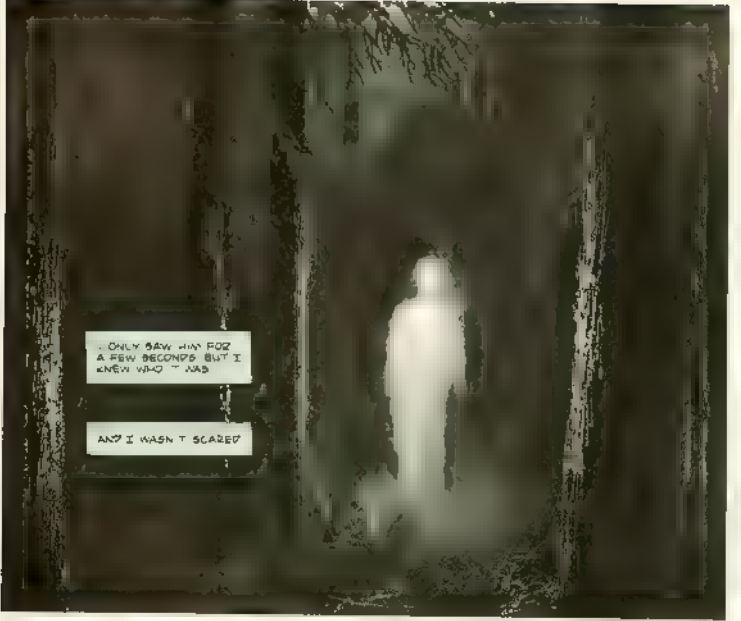
YEAH

WE'RE GOING
WRONG MAN, I
KNOW IT BUT
I'M NOT THE
DECIDER

YEAH, BUT
WHAT IF WE
WERE ALL JUST
SLEEPING?

HE MIGHT
BE WALKING
HOW CAN WE BE
SURE?





... ONLY SAW HIM FOR
A FEW SECONDS BUT I
KNEW WHO IT WAS

AND I WASN'T SCARED



THE GIRL WASN'T SCARED
ME. EITHER THE ONE
I'D SEEN AT THE FOOT
OF MY BED WHEN I WAS
LITTLE

GHOSTS AREN'T
FRIGHTENING
REALLY WHAT'S
FRIGHTENING IS
THE THOUGHT
OF THEM

NOBODY SAID
ANYTHING NO
BODY MOVED

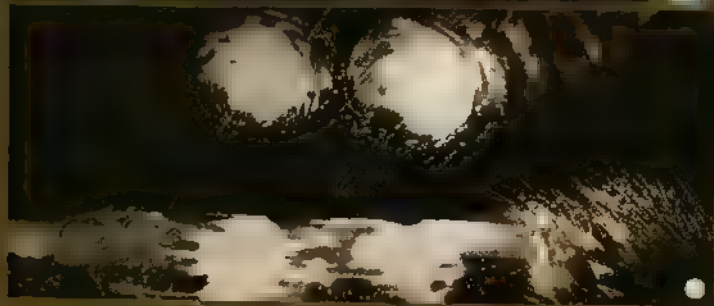
HE WHOOPS
BECAME STILL
& SILENT

WHEN HE RAISED
HIS HAND

AND EVERY BODY

WAS

DOWN

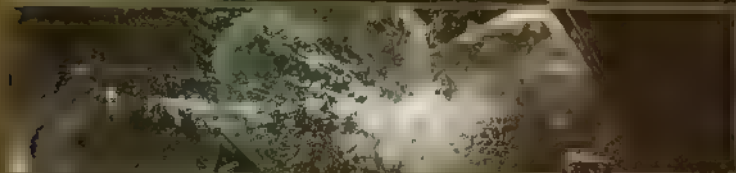


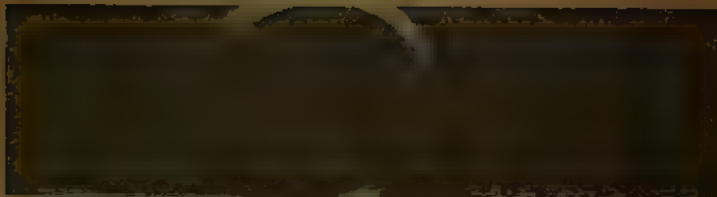






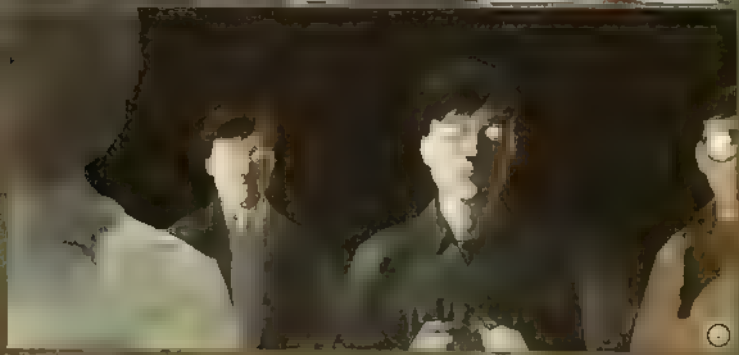
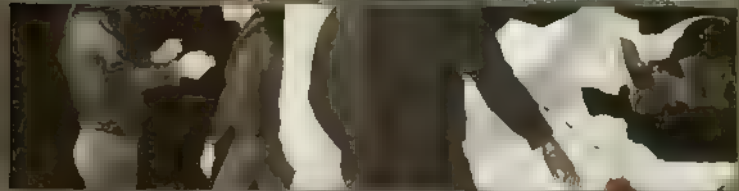


















GEORGE MARK AND
I WROTE THE NEXT
MORNING IN OUR
CAMPS IN OUR BEDS

TAKE NUKE P
SLEEPING BAGS BA
N AMP

AND NONE OF US
HAD DREAMS

WHAT HAD HAPPENED? WE COULDN'T REMEMBER
ANYTHING WE PASSED OUT WE WOKE UP EVERY
THING SEEMED WAS A B ACK TO 6

LATER WE LEARNED BREMER HAD DIED BY FIRE
IN THE NIGHT AND WE DIDN'T NEED MUCH HELP
PLATTING TWO AND TWO TOGETHER SOMEHOW,
WE'D MANAGED TO TORCH HIS PLACE IN OUR SLEEP

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM OUR FRIEND THAT IS

DAVE HAD SCARED THE HELL OUT OF HIS MOTHER. SHE'D TRIED TO GET THE COPS TO START SEARCHING FOR HIM THE MORNING HE DISAPPEARED, BUT THEY'D TOLD HER THEY NEEDED 24 HOURS TO GET THE MACHINERY MOVING.

IT TOOK HIM MOST OF THE NEXT DAY, TAKING BACKROADS AND SHORTCUTS THROUGH WOODS AND FIELDS, TO MAKE THE TREK AND HE LOOKED PRETTY SCRUFFY WHEN HE FINALLY GOT TO HIS HOUSE.



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HE TOLD HIS MOM THAT HE'D SLEEPWALKED IN THE NIGHT AND LOST HIS BEARINGS.

SHE DIDN'T NEED CONVINCING. SHE WAS JUST GLAD TO HAVE HER BOY BACK.

GEORGE'S DAD NEVER NOTICED THE MISSING GAS CANS SINCE IT WAS GEORGE'S BI-WEEKLY DUTY TO MOW THE LAWN. MARK AND I LET HIM USE OURS FOR A WHILE UNTIL HE FINALLY BROKE DOWN AND BOUGHT ONE FROM MACK'S HARDWARE.



SPEAKING OF GAS, ROE BLEW A FUSE WHEN HE GOT IN HIS CAR AND FOUND THAT IT DIDN'T HAVE ANY. THE CORVETTE'S FUEL GAUGE HAD DROPPED FROM A QUARTER OF A TANK TO BELOW 'E WHILE THE BAND PLAYED ON.



MARK'S PUNISHMENT WASN'T TOO SEVERE, THOUGH. WE HAD TO PAY FOR THE GAS AND HE WAS ABSOLUTELY FORBIDDEN TO DRIVE AGAIN UNTIL HE COULD SEE OVER THE PAPERBOARD.

Epilogue

TWO DAYS AFTER THE DEE,
WE CARTED THE GIANT
JACK-O'-LANTERN BACK TO
OLD OAK CEMETERY AND
BURIED IT. IT WAS COLD
THAT DAY, THE COLDEST
DAY WE'D HAD AND WE
WERE ALL ANXIOUS TO GET
BACK TO MY HOUSE FOR
A GAME OF MONOPOLY.

STILL, WE JUST
STOOD THERE FOR
A LONG TIME, NOT
SAVING ANYTHING.
WITH OUR HANDS
STUFFED INTO OUR
COAT POCKETS.

WHAT WORDS
WHAT PRAYER DO
YOU SAY FOR A
BOY YOU NEVER
MET AND WHOSE
NAME YOU'LL
NEVER KNOW?

HOW DO YOU SAY
"THANK YOU,"

HE'D GIVEN US SOMETHING
NO ONE HAD GIVEN HIM.

A MAP, WITH DIRECTIONS AND
DETAILS WRITTEN IN RED.

SOMETHING WE WOULD ALL USE AS
WE ROUNDED CHILDHOOD'S CORNER
TO PASS AMONG THE BROAD WAYS
AND SHADY SIDE STREETS BEYOND?

